



"Man, it's awfu' Guid!"

MAIR CANNY TALES
FAE ABERDEEN





ABERDEEN
ON A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE COLLECTION DAY.

MAIR CANNY TALES FAE ABERDEEN

COMPILED BY
ALLAN JUNIOR

ILLUSTRATED BY ::
GREGOR MCGREGOR



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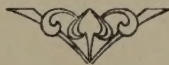
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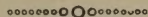
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FOREWORD.



“Tell us another!” is one of the finest compliments a story-teller can get. That in a word explains this second volume of Canny Tales fae Aberdeen. We have been snowed-under with requests for more and as “the half was not told” in the first collection we have had no difficulty in securing many stories that appear in print for the first time.

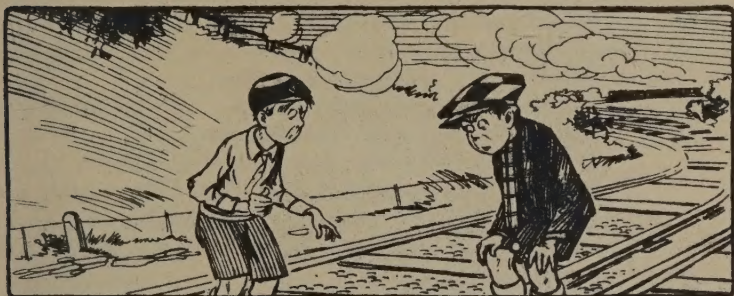
We have been greatly cheered to observe that the dear old Granite City has so many champions ready and willing to come out into the open and do battle for her good name. Well, well, we can afford to smile, for the Aberdonian of to-day is quite able to look after himself—and he does; it is another “gift.”

But Aberdeen cannot expect to get all the honours going, so we are including in the present volume several tales of more general interest just to let the world know that we Scots are “A’ John Tamson’s Bairns.”

A. J.



TAKEN BY THE ABERDEEN EXPRESS.



There was a circus in Newcastle. Two little fellows had a threepenny bit each, but the admission was 6d. One of them had a bright idea : " Let's put them on the railway line and get them flattened out," he said, " and they'll look like sixpences." So they placed them on the line and waited till a train passed, but alas ! when they went to get the coins there was nothing there. The train happened to be the Aberdeen Express.



ALL OUT AFTER IT !

On the occasion of a Flag Day in Aberdeen there was a great exodus from the city. Thirteen passengers were in one compartment and, being superstitious, they decided to toss a sixpence in order to determine which one should leave the carriage at the next stop. While tossing the sixpence, it unfortunately fell out of the window, with the result that the thirteen passengers were killed by a train coming in the opposite direction.



A QUESTION OF BRAINS.

An Aberdonian, resident in London, had a conversation with a Londoner regarding the large number of Scotsmen holding responsible positions in the Metropolis.

"Why is it?" asked the Londoner.

"Weel," replied the Aberdonian, "it's a question of brains. The Scotsmen have the brains."

"Yes, yes, but why do they have the brains?"

"Oh, that's easily explained. They live on fish and fish make brains. You could get brains too if you lived on fish. Suppose I send you a £'s worth from Aberdeen!"

"All right," replied the Londoner, "I'll try it." So he handed over the £. In due course one haddock arrived from Aberdeen. Some days after, the friends met again.

"Weel," asked the Aberdonian, "and how did the fish work—notice any difference?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Oh, but you must persevere. May I send you another £'s worth?"

"All right, I'll try it."

So another £ passed into the Aberdonian's keeping. Again one haddock arrived at its London destination. The friends met again:

"Weel," asked the Aberdonian, "how are you getting on—notice any difference yet?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Oh, but you mustn't give up now. You must take the whole course. Suppose I send you another £'s worth?"

"Oh, but I say," replied the Londoner, "that's a fearful price for one haddock: surely there's something wrong!"

"Ah, now I've got you," replied the Aberdonian, "the fish are beginning to tell!"



THE FREE PRESS.



A Jew was discovered wandering about the city the other day with a pair of trousers swung across his arm. He was looking for the Aberdeen Free Press.



“RALE THOCHTFU’.”

An Aberdonian on a visit to a friend in London overstayed his welcome. It was getting towards Christmas and his host thought a kindly hint might have the desired result.

“Don’t you think,” he said, “that your wife and family will want you to be with them at Christmas?”

“Man,” replied the Aberdonian, “I believe you’re richt. It’s rale thochtfu’ o’ you. I’ll just send for them.”



ONCE BITTEN.

A Threepenny Bit is so called because of the tooth-tests it undergoes in Aberdeen.



“HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS ONLY.”

Mr Macpherson was a buyer in one of Aberdeen's Drapery Stores and had just returned from a trip to London. “An' what did ye think o' the English when ye were up in London?” he was asked. “I didna see ony,” he replied, “I only met the heids o' Depairtments.”



AN ABERDONIAN IN LONDON.

Writing home from London where he was on a visit, an Aberdonian remarked: “The Hotels are awfu' dear but I made the best o' my breakfast—twa helpin's o' everything. The waiter looked surprised but I didna' let on. I had to go back to my room. The maid was in. “I just looked back,” I explained, “to see if I'd left onything.” “Not even a sixpence, Sir,” she said. I thocht she was jokin' but she looked serious. Just as I was leavin' a man wi' brass buttons cam' up and said: “Remember the Hall Porter, Sir.” I said: “I wull, you're a Star turn. You remind me o' the Commissionaire o' the Cinema in Union Street.” He held oot his hand so I took it and said: “Guidbye.” He was awfu' touched: I dinna think he's accustomed wi' sic freendliness.”



“I'M NO' BUYIN' IT NOO!”

Donald had been advised by his Doctor to give up smoking. One day he asked his friend Tammas for a fill of a pipe. “But I thocht ye'd gi'en up tobacco,” replied Tammas. “So I have,” said Donald, “I'm no' buyin' it noo!”



A SPOILT DAY.



Mrs Samson was on her deathbed and calling her husband to the bedside said : "There's ae thing I want ye to promise me afore I dee."

"An' what's that, lassie ?"

"I want ye to travel in the same coach as my Mither."

"Aweel, I'll dae that to oblige ye, but you've spoilt the day for me !"



IT WAS TOO BIG.

"An' what is it to be ?" asked the Aberdonian.

"I'll just hae a moothfu'," replied the Dundonian.

"Ye'll hae a darned sicht less," said the Aberdonian, "ye'll hae a gless."



"A FEW TIPS."

An Aberdeen shop-keeper went to London to pick up a few tips. He found them under the plates in the restaurants.



TOO LATE.

An Aberdonian died and went to Heaven. He could not find the Golden Gates ; a fellow-townsmen had been there before him.



AYE ASKIN' FOR MONEY.

Donald hadn't come across his friend Sandy since the Wedding Day, now six months past, and at last they met in Union Street.

"Weel, Sandy," said Donald, "and hoo are ye likin' merried life ?"

"No' bad," replied Sandy, "but she's aye ask, ask, askin' for money !"

"Hoo much hae ye gi'en her ?"

"Nane as yet."



PAYING THE TAILOR.

An Aberdeenshire ploughman was taken to Court and fined for stealing a suit of clothes. On meeting a friend sometime after, he was accosted with : "Man, I'm surprised at ye—whit wey did ye no' buy the suit and then no' pay for it ?"

Which reminds me of the conversation some worthies had about tailors' charges : "I payed £8 for the suit I've on," said one of them, "if ye dinna believe me I'll show ye the Summons."



THE CHARABANC ACCIDENT.



A charabanc accident took place in Union Street. Several of the injured were lying about, waiting attention. A native came on the scene and asked one of them : " Has the Insurance man been round ? " " Not yet," was the reply. " Ah, weel," he said, " I'll just lie doon aside ye ! "



A QUESTION OF ECONOMY.

Tammas Gordon had just " papered the parlour " and asked a neighbour in to see his handiwork.

" An' whit dae ye think o't ? " he asked.

" It's nae sae bad," replied his friend, " but whit wey ha'e ye fastened it on wi' tacks ? "

" Ye surely dinna think I'm gaun to live here a' my days, dae ye ? " replied Tammas.



AFRAID TO SLEEP !

An Aberdonian dreamt that he spent a fortune in London. He is now being treated for insomnia !



THE LOTTERY.

An Aberdeen Farmer had a horse for sale. He wanted £80 but was offered only £50. He refused to sell. That night the horse died so he telegraphed to the prospective buyer "Am willing to accept your offer of £50 for horse." He received a wire clinching the bargain. Next morning a cheque for £50 came duly to hand, so he sent the horse forward by rail in the usual way. Some days after, he attended the Market, steering clear of the buyer, but at length they happened to meet. His friend was very affable so plucking up courage the Farmer said :

"You're no' sayin' onything aboot the horse I selt ye ? "

"No," replied his friend. "It was deid when it arrived, but I had put it up to raffle. I got five men to buy tickets at £20 each and gave the winner back his £20.



THE 445 PAGE CATALOGUE.

An Aberdonian wrote to a London firm asking them to forward a packet of shaving paper—without enclosing payment. He received a reply referring him to page 445 of their catalogue where it was distinctly stated: "All small orders should be accompanied by a remittance." The Aberdonian replied :

"DEAR SIRs,

If I had been possessed of a Catalogue with 445 pages I should not have written for any shaving paper—Please send catalogue now and oblige."



SIGNING THE CHEQUES.



An Aberdeen merchant at the close of his financial year called his Staff together. "Well, men," he said, "we've had a splendid year, and I'm going to divide £100 between you. I've written out three cheques, one for Mr McGregor for £40, one for Mr Grant for £35, and one for Mr Gordon for £25. I congratulate you all on the way you have worked and if you do as well during the next twelve months I'll sign the cheques."



AN ABERDONIAN IN PALESTINE.

An Aberdonian on holiday in Palestine came to the Sea of Galilee and on enquiring at a boatman, found that the hire of a pleasure boat was 3/6 per hour.

"'Three an' saxpence," he exclaimed—"we can get a boat in Aberdeen for saxpence."

"Ah, but this is Palestine," said the boatman, "and these are the waters on which our Lord walked."

"Nae winder He walked," replied the Aberdonian—"Look what ye chairge for a boat."



TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

An Aberdonian who had been feeling out of sorts consulted his doctor and was advised to see a Harley Street Specialist.

He single journeyed to London and learned that his heart was very bad, the Specialist remarking: "In my opinion it's only a matter of a few hours—in fact, you may collapse at any moment. You had better return home at once."

Following the Specialist's advice he took the first train home, but instead of buying a through ticket he booked to the first stopping place, where he got out and booked for the station further on, and so on from station to station. At length the guard of the train became rather annoyed so he went up to him with the remark: "Look here my man what's the meaning of this? Where are you going?" "To Aberdeen," replied our friend. "Why don't you buy a through ticket and save all this trouble, you've kept the train late at every station?"

"Man," said the Aberdonian, "It's like this. The Doctor tells me I've a bad heart and I micht gae aff at any meenit, so what's the guid o' riskin' a through ticket?"



A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Tammas was invited to a Golden Wedding and on making enquiries found that he was expected to give a present made of gold. He solved the problem by presenting the worthy couple with a bowl of Goldfish.



THE RETURNED EMPTY,

A fortunate Aberdonian received a present of a barrel of beer for his Christmas. He wrote thanking his friend profusely for the gift. Some weeks later he wrote again asking what allowance would be made for the return of the empty.



"THEY WOULDN'T GIVE."

A visitor to Edinburgh saw a penny lying in Princes Street, and put his foot on it till a policeman came along, when he asked him to pick it up for him.

"Why can't you pick it up yourself?" asked the man in blue. "Because," was the reply, "I'm wearing a pair of braces I bought in Aberdeen, and *they won't give.*"



A QUESTION OF FRIENDSHIP.

"You'll excuse me for askin', Geordie," said an Aberdeen Grocer to the Coal Merchant, "but hoo dae ye buy a' yer proveesions fae ae Grocer?"

"Weel," was the reply, "he gie's me twa shillin's aff every pound's worth I buy, because I'm a freend."

"And whit dae you gie him in return?"

"Oh, I gie him twa hundredweight aff the ton o' coals, because he's a freend o' mine!"



"IT WON'T SHRINK!"

An Aberdonian's New Year Resolution is to the effect that he will fry his bacon in Lux so that it won't shrink.



“I MUST HAVE BEEN DRUNK.”

An Aberdonian charged with being “drunk and incapable in the precincts of the Railway Station,” pleaded “Not Guilty.” In the course of evidence it came out that the taxi-driver who drove him to the station admitted receiving 6d. over his legal fare. “That’s done it,” exclaimed the prisoner, “I must have been drunk !”



“I’LL TAK THE ONE AND FOURPENCE.”

A certain Aberdonian who had joined the Good Templars met one of his old cronies in Union Street. They chatted for a little and then his friend said :

“Weel, Tam, are ye for a gless ?”

“No,” replied Tam, “I’ve joined the Templars but if ye dinna mind I’ll tak the one and fourpence.”



BUYING A PINT OF BEER.

A drouthy Aberdonian desirous of quenching his thirst found that he had only a 6d. all told, whereas 9d. was necessary. He solved the problem by pawning the 6d. for 5d. and selling the pawn ticket for 4d. He thus secured the 9d. and got his pint of beer.

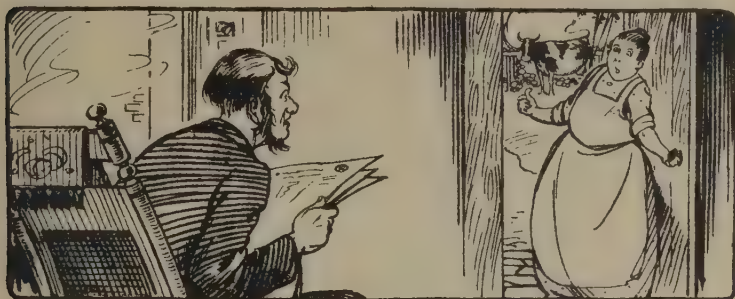


“BUY A VATCH !”

No Aberdonian ever asks a Jew the time of day : one did, and the Jew told him to “Buy a Vatch !”



MILKING THE COW.



Mrs Gordon came into the house in a state of great alarm.

"Tammas, Tammas," she exclaimed, "There's a cow in the garden."

"Dinna stand there wastin' valuable time," replied Tammas, "Get back to the garden and milk it afore it gets oot."



"HE'S DEELEERIOUS NOO."

An old Aberdonian lay dying. His wife and friends were gathered round his bed—presently he whispered :

"Jean—are ye there ?"

"Ay, what is it, John ?"

"Tammas Gordon owes me £50. See that he peys you."

Turning round to her friends she said :

"Oh ! he's conscious noo. I houp ye a' heard what he said."

After a while, he called again :

"Jean—are ye there ?"

"Ay, John, whit is it noo ?"

"I'm due Weelum Blair £100."

"Ah !" said his wife, "He's deeleeerious noo. Dinna tak ony notice o' his wanderin's."



“SHE’S THE LASS FOR ME !”

An Aberdonian on holiday, head over heels in love with a girl he had left behind, could stand the suspense no longer, and telegraphed a proposal of marriage. In case of a refusal, and with true Scottish caution, he did not prepay the reply, but kept calling at the Post Office at intervals during the day. Night arrived and at long last a telegram came in. With feverish excitement he opened it, to find she had accepted him. Overjoyed at his good fortune he told the girl at the counter all about it. “And,” she replied, “has she kept you waiting here all day for an answer? I should think twice before marrying a girl who would treat me like that!” “That’s whaur ye’re wrang, lassie,” replied the happy man, “you see she’s been waiting for the reduced night rate—she’s the lass for me!”



TRYING TO LICK HIS BACK !

An Aberdonian who had taken suddenly ill, with an attack of lumbago, was advised by a friend to rub his back with whisky. He had no whisky, so his friend volunteered to secure a bottle for him. After rubbing the patient’s back with the whisky the friend departed, taking the bottle with him. Next morning the Aberdonian was found in bed suffering from a sprained neck.



THE VERDICT.

At an inquest on the body of a Jew found dead in Aberdeen, it was brought out in evidence that he had gone there to earn a living. Verdict—“Death from Misadventure.”



"GUID AT FINDIN' BA'S."



Many humorous stories have gathered round the "Royal and Ancient" game and the Aberdonian figures largely in the collection.

An Aberdonian, holidaying at St. Andrews, went down to the Old Course and was approached by a caddie looking for a job: "Are ye ony guid at findin' ba's?" he asked the caddie. "Och, aye!" replied the caddie. "Weel, then," said the Aberdonian, "awa' and find ane and I'll start richt aff."



A HOLE FOR A PRESENT.

An Aberdonian and his daughter took up Golf. At the close of one of their games the father was laid a dead stymie while the daughter had one to play to win the match. Turning round to her he said: "Jeannie, isn't the morn yer Birthday?"

"Yes, Faither."

"Ah, weel," he said, "I'll gie ye that hole for a present."



ANOTHER ABERDONIAN.

Four men were playing Golf one evening when one of them lost his ball. They searched for it a long time and as it was getting dark, and they were tired of the search, one of them dropped a ball and called out: "Here it is, Sandy!" Sandy went over, picked up the ball and examined it, then remarked as he slipped it into his pocket: "It's nae my ba' but I was needin' ba's onyway," and went on with the search.



"A' TO PIECES!"

An enthusiastic learner was playing his game over again, at the "19th hole":

"I took twelve to the first hole. I got into trouble at the second and took fifteen. I did the third in twenty, and then went a' to pieces."



THE POCKETS WERE GOOD.

An Aberdonian on ordering a new suit of clothes from his Tailor said:

"Will you allow me anything on the pockets o' the breeks I've on, because they're as good as new?"



ECONOMY AT THE FUNERAL.

An Aberdeen Dentist died and in order to save expenses at the funeral, his widow used his doorplate for the nameplate on the coffin.



LOCH KATRINE IN NEW YORK.



The American visitor meets his match when he comes to Scotland and many good stories are told against him. Here are a few.

An American, "doing Scotland," expressed his great admiration for Loch Katrine. "I guess we could do with that strip of water in Noo York," he said. "There should be nae trouble in gettin' it over there," replied the Scot to whom he addressed the remark. "Wall, stranger, an' how could you do that?" questioned the Yank. "Easy enough," replied the Scottie, "a' ye need is a few miles o' pipes, an' if ye can sook as weel as ye can blaw, it wad be ower the Atlantic in nae time!"



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

An American tourist stopped his car in the vicinity of the Forth Bridge and questioned a roadman: "What's that little bit of fretwork over there, stranger?" "I don't know," replied the roadman, "it wasna there when I passed this mornin'!" And the car went on.



THE AMERICAN VEESITORS

A menagerie had been visiting Aberdeen and on the day after leaving the City, one of the gorillas died. Instead of burying it they threw it over a dyke by the roadside. Later on in the day two Aberdonians passed. They noticed the gorilla. "An' wha'll it be, think ye?" asked one. The other examined the corpse. "It's ower big for a MacPherson; it canna be a Gordon for it has nae kilt; judgin' by its e'en I'm thinkin' its ane o' thae American veesitors."



GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

A Scotsman and an American were standing together watching a procession of unemployed passing along a street in London, when the American remarked: "I guess we wouldn't allow that kind of thing where I come from." "An' whaur dae you come frae?" "God's own Country," replied the American. "Is that so?" observed our friend, "ye've an awfu' puir Scotch accent!"

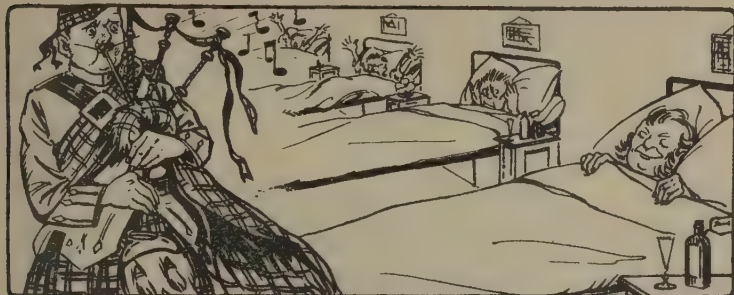


NOW BEING BORN IN LONDON.

We have it on reliable authority that whereas in the old days Scotsmen emigrated to London, they are now being born there to save the expense of railway travelling.



IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.



A Scotsman lay dying in a London Hospital and the Doctor told the nurse to give him anything he wanted. She asked him what he would like and he said : " I wad like to hear the Bagpipes afore I dee." A piper visited the ward and played a tune. The Scotsman recovered but all the other patients died.



" KÉEPIN' UP WI' THE GENTRY."

A Fifeshire fish cadger had purchased an old nag to take his cart round. Whilst going through a certain village he was overtaken by a band of Huntsmen with their hounds. Being an old hunter it set off at a gallop after the pack. The tail board of the cart came off and the fish began to drop out as he sped along. A woman standing at a doorstep shouted out : " Hey, mannie, yer fish are a' faain' oot ! " " Never mind," he shouted back, " as lang's we're keepin' up wi' the Gentry."



THE FIFE ACCENT.

It is a well known fact that accent is an unconscious possession. This is borne out in the answer which a Fifer in London gave a friend who twitted him on his strong Fife tongue : " I didna ken Fife fouks had ony aukcent."



" AWFU' LIKE A DUG."

Speaking about the Fife accent recalls the story of the Kelvinside lady, who, during a month's holiday in " the Kingdom," became alarmed at the effect it was having on the speech of her son. On returning home, while the car sped along Sauchiehall Street, the little lad noticed a dog running alongside—" Oh, " Ma ! " he shouted, " look at the dug ! " " It's not a *dug*," replied his mother, " it's a dog ! " " Aweel," answered the boy, " It's awfu' like a dug ! "



" WHUSTLE IT BACK ! "

Tammas was out walking with his dog, and in passing a Butcher's shop, the dog helped itself to a sausage and made a bee-line for home. Out came the Butcher and addressing Tammas, asked :

" Is that your dog ? " " It *was* my dog," replied Tammas, " but it's daen for itsel' noo." " Whustle it back, then," retorted the Butcher, " it's awa' wi' a sausage." " Whustle yer sausage back," replied Tammas.



“ AE TOOT AND YER OOT.”



The beadle of a certain Parish Church on observing an old man with an ear trumpet went up to him and whispered : “ Noo then, ae toot and yer oot ! ”



THE BIGGEST DREAM.

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotsman lost themselves in the mist on the hills. For the sake of safety they decided to shelter in a cave overnight but as they had only a small drop left in the bottle they agreed to keep it till the morning and present it to the one who told the biggest dream. When morning dawned the Englishman said he dreamt he saw a turnip as big as the world. The Irishman went one better by stating he dreamt he saw a goblet to boil it in. “ Now what did you dream ? ” they asked the Scotsman, who replied : “ Oh---me ! I dreamt I was thirsty and rose and emptied the bottle.”



“ THE SAME AS AT BANNOCKBURN ! ”

An Englishman and a Scot were arguing about the part their respective countries had taken in the great war : “ Why,” said the Englishman, “ There were five Englishmen killed for one Scot ! ” “ Ay, ay ! ” responded Sandy, “ juist the same as at Bannockburn.”



A CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

Mrs MacIntosh was out shopping on Monday morning and met the Minister, who addressed her thus :

“ Good morning, Mrs MacIntosh, I hope your husband is not ill. I observed he was not at Church yesterday.”

“ That’s so, sir,” replied the good lady, “ you see he’s enjoyin’ very bad health just now. He canna get slept, but he’ll try the Kirk next Sunday.”



A SKYE TERRIER WANTED.

Jeems MacGregor had been drinking heavily and lay dangerously ill with *delirium tremens*. Fearing the end had come his wife sent for the Minister, who tried his best to quieten the ravings of his erring friend. Presently Jeems sat up in bed and exclaimed :

“ There they are again—don’t you see them, Minister ? ”

“ I see nothing, Jeems, what is it ? ”

“ Rats,” replied Jeems, “ they’re running up and down the wall—hundreds of them.”

The Minister could stand it no longer, so taking up his hat to leave he said to the man’s wife :

“ It’s not a Sky Pilot your husband needs, it’s a Skye Terrier.”

THE WICKED WALK ON SLIPPERY PLACES.



“Oh, Tammas, Tammas,” said the Minister to the Elder who had fallen on the frosty road, “the wicked walk on slippery places!” “So I see,” replied Tammas, eyeing the Minister, “but it’s mair than I can dae!”



A LAMP FOR COURTING.

While walking along a country road one dark night, a farmer met a ploughman carrying a lamp. “Whaur are ye gaun wi’ the licht?” asked the farmer. “I’m gaun tae coort my lass,” was the frank reply. “Man, that’s awfu’,” remarked the farmer, “I didna tak’ a lamp when I was coortin’.” “I thocht that,” rejoined the ploughman, “when I first saw your wife.”



TABLE RAPPING.

In the back parlour of “The Rose and Crown,” a party of Aberdonians were engaged in a game of Dominoes. They had to give it up: none of them would rap on the table in case the waiter came in.



LITTLE TO THINK ABOUT!

The Minister was paying his yearly pastoral visit. "It gives me great joy, Mrs Brown," he said, "to always see you in your pew on the Sabbath Day." "'Deed, Sir," was her reply, "I'm real gled to come for it's no' often I get sic a comfortable seat and sae little to think about."



A DAISY.

A certain Scottish Divine noted for his corpulent and massive figure was discoursing on the "Marvels of Creation." Waxing eloquent he closed with the peroration:

"The God who made the rolling spheres made the tiny pebble on the beach: the God who made the mighty ocean made the wayside pool," and then, holding himself up his full height, concluded: "*The God who made me made a Daisy!*"



"MAK IT THE FIVE SHILLIN'S."

The candidate for an Aberdeenshire constituency, anxious to test the acoustics of the hall in which he was to speak, asked the caretaker to stand at the back, while he spoke from the platform, mounting which, he said in a whisper: "Here's half-a-crown for ye, Dauvit. Do you hear me all right?" "Mak' it the five shillin's," replied the caretaker "and I'll hear ye better!"



THE FALL OF MAN.



The Sermon had been about the Fall of Man. Two Farmers met at the end of the Service :

"Weel, Dauvit," asked Tammas, "and what did ye think o' the Sermon ?"

Dauvit replied : "Oh, the Sermon was a' richt, but I was juist thinkin' what a difference it wad hae made to the history o' the world if I'd been in Adam's place, ye see I dinna gi'e a hang for aipples."



A MIRACLE.

Wit and humour find a place even in the Scottish Sunday Schools. The lesson on a particular occasion was on the subject of "Miracles," and after explaining them to the best of her ability, the teacher, an elderly spinster, asked the question :

"Now can any of you tell me what a miracle is ?"

Promptly little Johnnie made answer :

"Please, Ma'm, my mither says if *you* dinna marry the new minister inside three months, it'll be a miracle"



READING THE SCRIPTURES.

A worthy Scottish divine did not hesitate to spice his readings from the pulpit with pointed personal remarks. One Sabbath morning he read a verse from the Book of Exodus in the following manner : " An' the Lord said unto Moses—shut that door ; I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel' ye wadna be sae ready leavin' it open ; it was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, gat his death o' cauld, an' I'm sure, honest man, he didna lat it stay muckle open. And the Lord said unto Moses—pit oot that dog ; wha is it that brings dogs to the kirk, yaff-yaffin' ? Lat me never see ye bring yer dogs here ony mair, or I'll put you an' them baith oot. An' the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man aneath that wast laft wi' his hat on ; I'm sure ye're clean oot o' the souch o' the door ; keep aff yer bonnet, Tammas, an' if yer bare pow be cauld ye maun jist get a grey worset wig like mysel' ; they're no sae dear ; plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence." Then he again began the verse, which he succeeded in rendering this time more in accordance with the text.



THE PARCEL LEAKED.

The Minister of a country Parish was seeing a friend away with a train when the Station-master stepped up and said :

" Excuse me, Sir, but there's a parcel here for ye."

" Oh, yes," replied the Minister, " I was expecting a box of books. I'll send down for them."

" Weel then, you'll better hurry up," said the Station-master, " ane o' them's leakin' badly."



“THAT’S WHERE I WAS!”



Donald who was very fond of a dram, and sometimes took too much, met his Minister one morning, who hailed him with the remark :

“Good morning, Donald. I was greatly surprised and delighted to see you at the Prayer Meeting on Wednesday.”

“So that’s where I was !” replied Donald.



“FUSH ” AND “ FEESH.”

An Aberdonian had been arguing with a stranger about the merits of their respective cities :

“Anyway,” concluded the Aberdonian, “We’re no’ the kind o’ fouks that ca’ fush “ feesh.”



NOTHING DOING.

An Advertising Expert was advertised to deliver a lecture in Aberdeen on “HOW TO TREAT YOUR CUSTOMERS.” Only two men attended—the Chairman and the Lecturer.



“IT’S NO’ MY HAT!”

Elders are not spared, so far as the Humourists are concerned, and some of the best stories are told against them.

A certain farmer, after great pressure, consented to become an elder of the Kirk. He thereafter lived in constant dread of being asked to pray in public, so much so, that he adopted the expedient of writing out a prayer, and fixed it inside his hat, so that he could read it when called upon. The anticipated occasion arrived at a funeral where the Minister was suddenly called away. One of the mourners approached the elder with the polite request that he might “Put up a bit prayer.” “Oh, but I’ll dae that,” confidently replied the elder, and going to the lobby he took down what he imagined was his own hat. Proceeding to the Dining-room where all the mourners were assembled, he reverently said: “Let us pray,” and suiting the action to the word, turned up his hat, to read the written prayer—but all that the mourners heard was a despairing cry: “Oh, God! this is no’ my hat.”



“A LITTLE CHANGE.”

Tammas Gordon wasn’t feeling his usual so he went to consult a doctor. The doctor examined him very carefully and found nothing wrong.

“That’s strange,” said Tammas, “I canna sleep at nights.”

“What you need,” replied the doctor, “is a little change.”

“Man,” replied Tammas, “Ye’ve hit the nail on the heid. Could ye lend me a few pounds. It’s my accounts that worry me.”



IT'S YER FAITHER



That questions in Theology are discussed even by children of the Canny Scot is borne out in the following conversation between a Scots laddie and lassie :

"D'ye believe in the Deevil, Tam?"

"Ach, no! It's just like Santa Claus; it's yer Faither."



"I'M WEARIN' ONE O' YOUR SHIRTS."

An Edinburgh Tram Car is responsible for this story. One of the passengers had been partaking rather freely of liquor and was in a fine conversational mood. Eyeing a well-known Professor he addressed his remarks to him :

"Some folks think they ken an awfu' lot."

No answer.

"I was saying, some folks think they ken an awfu' lot." Still no answer.

"I suppose you think you ken an awfu' lot, but I ken mair than you. My wife's your wife's washer-woman and I'm wearin' one o' your shirts!"

"I WAD TAK IT."

Which reminds me of another story. A drunk man seated in a tramcar, opposite a lady, rather annoyed her by his constant attentions in the way of a smile, a nod of the head, and a "Hu! Hu!" Losing patience, she at length questioned him with :

"Are you married?"

"I am that!" he replied.

"Do you know what I would do with you if you were my husband?"

"No!" he admitted, "what wad you dae?"

"I'd give you a dose of poison!"

"Wad ye tho'," he continued, "and do you know what I wad dae if you were my—my wife?"

"No!" she replied. But she was totally unprepared for the rejoinder—

"I wad tak it!"



THE JEW AND THE TAILOR.

A Jew and his wife were standing at a Clothier's window admiring a suit priced eight guineas. She prevailed upon Isaac to go in and buy it. Isaac offered £6, but the Clothier would not agree to the reduction.

"I vill meet you halfway," said Isaac. "Vill ve say £7?"

"I don't do business that way," he said—"Eight guineas is my price and not a penny less."

So Isaac left the shop without the suit, and on telling his wife what he had done she replied :

"You vas wrong, Isaac. The man vill think you have come from Aberdeen."



"CHAINS AND SLAVERIE."

English wit rests very largely on a play upon words, but that the Scot can also use a pun to advantage is well illustrated by the following story :

At a Burns' Supper, held in Ayrshire, the Provost of the town, wearing his Chains of Office, occupied the chair. He had partaken rather freely of the haggis with the result that particles of it adhered to his beard. This caused one of the company to remark :

"Excuse me, Mr Provost, but you remind me of a line in Burns."

"An' what may that be, Geordie?" asked the Provost. "Chains and Slaverie!" was the reply.



ENGLAND OR BRITAIN ?

Everybody knows how touchy we Scots people are on the misuse of the term "English" when "British" is meant: but that we can allow our natural prejudices to go too far, is proved from the story of the Highlander, who, on entering a German town captured during the war, went up to a placard and changed it from "Gott strafe England" to "Gott strafe Britain."



SAVING THE GAS.

An Aberdonian went to the Dentist to get a tooth extracted. He got gas and when he came to himself, discovered that all his teeth were out.

"Whit wey did ye dae that?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the Dentist, "I gave ye ower much gas and didna like to waste it."



“ I’M THE SHAH O’ PERSIA.”

A good story is told of the late King Edward. When Prince of Wales he was touring the west of Scotland with the Duke of Argyll. On one of their walks they were overtaken by a country postman who stopped his horse, and asked the travellers if they would care for a lift. The Prince consulted the Duke and they accepted the Postman’s hospitality, the Duke taking the back seat of the gig, and the Prince the front, alongside the postman. After proceeding along the road for some distance the conversation began :—

POSTMAN. “ Wha’s that sittin’ ahint ? ”

PRINCE. “ The Duke of Argyll.”

POSTMAN. “ Oh aye ! ”

A few moments silence, then :

POSTMAN. “ An’ wha are you ? ”

PRINCE. “ I’m the Prince of Wales.”

POSTMAN. “ Oh aye ! ”

More silence, then :

POSTMAN. “ Ye’ll be wonderin’ wha I am ? ”

PRINCE. “ Yes, I should like to know.”

POSTMAN. “ Dinna tell onybody, but I’m the Shah o’ Persia.”



“ A GRAND SUCCESS.”

Sandy MacPherson was in town on holiday and, observing a procession passing along the street, joined it. In due course of time he found himself seated at table enjoying the good things that were going round. The whisky was good and Sandy had more than his share, with the result that he began to be merry. He stood up at length to propose the toast of “ The Bride and the Bridegroom,” when he was suddenly pulled to his seat with the remark, “ It’s no’ a marriage, man, it’s a funeral.” “ Marriage or no marriage,” replied Sandy, “ it’s been a grand success.”





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